

Woman's Interests

Household Children Cooking Fashion

Sister Mary's KITCHEN

In the kitchen of her own home Sister Mary cooks daily for a family of four adults. She brought to her kitchen an understanding of the chemistry of cooking, gained from study of domestic science in a state university. Consequently the advice she offers is a happy combination of theory and practice. Every recipe she gives is her own, first tried out and served at her family table.

Hot August nights that the farmer welcomes to make his corn grow cause the housekeeper some anxiety about her clothes "sprinkled down" for the next day's ironing. Heat and dampness cause mildew. Don't let an ironing stand more than 24 hours after dampening. It will surely make trouble. It's a lot easier to shake things out and resprinkle than it is to get out mildew stains. If your plans go "agley" for ironing day unfold the clothes so plenty of air will reach them and save yourself worry and perhaps mildewed clothes.

Menu for Tomorrow
Breakfast—Stewed prunes, soft boiled eggs, toast, coffee.
Luncheon—Green peppers with sauce, brown bread, fresh fruit, tea.
Dinner—Jellied bouillon, cheese fondue, fresh peas, stuffed tomato salad, apple meringue pudding, coffee.

My Own Recipes
No matter how hot the weather, nourishing food is required to keep our bodies "fit." Food may give just as much bodily energy and not be heating. Meat, for instance, is heating. A meat substitute contains all the elements of meat except that element which produces heat. But the proper proportions of protein and fat must be maintained.

GREEN PEPPERS
4 large green peppers
1 sweetbread
1 tomato
1/2 cup boiled rice (warm)
1 tablespoon blanched almonds (about six)
1/2 teaspoon grated onions
1 teaspoon salt
Cut tops from peppers. Take out seeds and pour boiling water over them. Let stand thirty minutes. Parboil sweetbread and chop fine. Peel tomato. Cut almonds in slices. Mix all ingredients and fill peppers with mixture. Put in a pan to bake. Pour

water to about half cover peppers into pan. Add 1 tablespoonful of butter. Bake thirty minutes.
SAUCE
1 tablespoon vinegar
Piece of bay leaf
1 small onion
4 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons water
3 eggs (yolks)
1 teaspoon salt
Put vinegar, bay leaf and onion into double boiler and let stand till hot. Add butter and yolks of eggs beaten with water and salt. Stir constantly while mixture thickens. Strain over peppers.

The provident housewife trusts not entirely to providence.

Mary

VISIBLE MEANS?

SURE HE HAD 'EM!
HOUSTON—"Living without visible means of support, eh?" "Huh?" snorted an alleged vagrant in court here. "Here dey is! Guess dey's visible 'nuff!" He produced the cuboid ivory called Mississippi marbles by some and Alabama gold balls by others. "Huh, huh," mused His Honor. "I guess about 30 days."

NEW IDEA FOR STORING FURS
AKRON—Police were wondering if some new idea for storing furs had cropped out when they discovered two fur coats worth \$1,295 buried in a hotel excavation 30 feet deep. Then they found out that the furs had been stolen.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton
AN ACCIDENT

Now we shall have to see what had become of poor Mr. Tingaling, for, as you know, he had disappeared mysteriously from Oliver Oriole's house while Oliver was doing over the fairman's suit.

This is what happened.
Nick and Nancy were helping Oliver to snip threads and so on, while Oliver sewed, and Mr. Tingaling (not having any clothes to wear in the meantime) was in bed having a nap in the spare room, and Mrs. Oriole was making pies in the kitchen—when all at once an extra big breeze came along and gave the Oriole apartment in Maple-Tree flats such a swing that Tingaling woke up with a start.

He didn't know just where he was, waking so quickly 'n all, and he blinked his eyes and jumped out of bed and rushed for the spare room door to see



Before Tingaling could say "Boo," down he went sprawling to the soft ground below.

where the earthquake was coming from. Jumping up so fast made him dizzy, and he staggered to the door, and out into the hallway in his nightgown, blinking his eyes as hard as he could to make his memory come back.

But it didn't come, and instead of stopping at the door of the work room where his suit was being fixed, he kept on and on to the front door and stepped outside before he saw exactly what he was doing.

Oliver Oriole's nest—apartment I mean—was at the end of a VERY slim branch, even slim for a fairy to tread on, a thin fairy and Tingaling was a fat one, and one had to watch like anything not to slip when he was going to or from Oliver's dwelling place.

Before Tingaling could say "Boo," down he went sprawling to the soft ground below. He wasn't hurt much, but he was IN HIS NIGHTGOWN!

Confessions of a Bride

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THE BOOK OF ANN
It's Not What We Have, But What We Haven't, That We Want

"Yes—a movie vamp and a swimming girl—to meet some of your own set! That's the situation, Chrissy! But you needn't scold! You'll see that my luncheon will prove a corking success. When Deborah and the others in the cooking class found out that I know a lot of movie stars and that my mother is in the business and that they had actually seen her—admired her—on the screen, they were just crazy to meet her!"

"Of course they were!" Chrissy and I

exclaimed together for we both admire Mrs. Best sincerely.

"So I wired mother to bring a few friends with her. Midget and Corinne Caryl happened to be coming east—they're going to the Berkshires for the summer, and of course they were perfectly pleased to stop off here for a few days' rest!"

"And while the society princesses take note of movie manners the movie queens will take lessons from them. That's fair! Everybody will have a good time—and a profitable one!" Chrissy's comment pleased us all.

"What else—that's different—are you planning for your luncheon?" I asked. "Decorations—absolutely original!" Ann replied excitedly. "Not a flower to be seen, girls!"

"I'd like to know why not?" Chrissy asked. "Daddy's gardens are wonderful this summer. Jappy, the gardener, couldn't have coal for his greenhouses last winter, so he has surpassed all his previous out-of-door stunts this year." "No flowers," Ann persisted with a positive shake of her shining cropped curls. "Birds!"

"Birds! For color! Oh! Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Chrissy and I in concert. I thought to myself that the rules of human conduct hold good under all conditions. Just as soon as a human being possesses the best of one thing, it loses its value and he—or she—must have something else. Ann, having the choicest flowers in the town at her command, refused absolutely to use them at her luncheon, and reached out for "something new and strange."

"I've ordered all the tropical birds that can be collected here, and we've wired east for more. I'm going to have just green foliage and gorgeous plumage. Live birds, you understand, on poles and brackets and branches—parrots and cockatoos and whatever with a pair of dear little love birds in charming Chinese cages of split bamboo—at each cover. I know the girls will love it all!" Ann seemed quite out of breath but she managed to add:

"If I couldn't have collected enough tropical birds, I would have compromised on canaries—a million of them—to complete a yellow color scheme!" "I'll try that some day. Thank you for the idea," said Chrissy. "Canaries would make conversation at table so unnecessary!"

I liked the idea, too. From my own practical point of view, I could understand how a girl in a small town where flowers are often hard to get, might borrow all the canaries in the place to decorate for a fete, in any season.

"All the rest is a surprise—for both of you girls," Ann continued. "So I'd like to manage it alone."

"Or come you do! Go ahead, old dear!" Chrissy and I replied. "But if we can help, let us know."

In the course of time, Midget and Corinne Caryl arrived at Ann's house with Mrs. Best.

The welcome we gave Mrs. Best was perfectly sincere. Her judgment in the selection of movie stars to meet society girls proved remarkable.

Midget was a little dear, just a natural-born swimmer, who had developed her talent at a small bathing beach on Lake Erie. She loved to exhibit her championship medals—the things which had won her a place in the movies. She was a sweet and wholesome "Midget," she loved in making her own living, and quite proud of the figures of her salary.

Corinne Caryl, noted vamp, was rather stupid. Chrissy and I thought, when she wasn't vamping. She was a stunning widow, and she worked very hard in order to educate her son. We found out that the public didn't know about the son.

"The publicity men have an awful time inventing a fitting biography for me," she explained.

(To Be Continued)

DOG HADN'T BEEN TOLD OF THE SALE
PORTLAND—A musician here, who won't tell his name, bought a house in a fashionable neighborhood and went to visit it. A watch dog, left behind by the previous owner, removed, with vigor, portions of his attire. The musician went home in a taxi. "I wish you'd tell your dog the house is sold," telephoned he to the dog's owner.

THESE FROCKS SHOW LATEST USE OF LACE



By CORA MOORE

New York's Fashion Authority

NEW YORK—The lure of lace grows stronger and more sure every day. Lace hats lace sunshades, lace lingerie, lace frocks. Never was it used in such quantities or so artistically.

Here are two frocks that have been much liked. The one worn by Louise Myers at the Cohan & Harris theater is entirely of lace, a hooped tunic drooping tiny clusters of orange flowers over a lace petticoat and the lace,

short-sleeved bodice attached to the skirt with a solid belt of flowers. Then there is finally a lace hat with its wired brim turned up flat in front and a single cluster of orange flowers pinned to the point thus made.

The second frock, worn by Mabel Scott in a Paramount picture, is a yellow organdie lavishly trimmed with bands of file lace. Flowers, French roses, bunched in the skirt between the panels and on the crushed belt and also on the chie organdie hat, add a last master touch.

FEDERAL BUILDING AN EAGLE'S NEST

DENVER—There are more eagles on the Denver federal building than on any other federal building in the world. Assistant Custodian Ralph B. Dergance hasn't finished his census yet, but he's sure there's more than 1,000 "robins of freedom" roosting in out-of-the-way corners of the structure. "There's one on every doorknob and they're carved on almost every brick," brags he.

SAYS SINGLE MEN NEED MORE COIN

BOSTON—James O'Brien, bachelor, former conductor and head of the Chelsea Carmen's union, declared to an arbitration board here that single men need more money than married ones. "They have to look better to attract wives," says he. "For the same reason the married man doesn't have to look well." O'Brien thinks \$5 a day is enough.

CAMPAIGN SONG FIRST OF SEASON

The first campaign song of the season is the production of W. T. Barkley of Mesa and is designed to infuse additional interest in the campaign of Miss Edith Jacobs for re-nomination for the office of county recorder.

LILY OF THE SALT RIVER VALLEY That everybody knows Miss Jacobs. The County Record shows, on every page.

But while she's not an "Old Timer," Her record shows, she's just the right age.

Chorus She's a Lily of the Salt River Valley. And she goes 400, in style. But she never meets or leaves you Otherwise, than with a smile.

But this emile is not just a campaign smile. It's just as she's always been. It's just as she is this very day And it's just as she'll be, to the end.

Chorus She knows more about this Recorder's Office. Than any one man, or men. And she'll be a winner, on Nov. 2nd. I am betting, just \$5 to 10.

Chorus

She beats the roses in Texas. Beats the belles in Tennessee. And she'll beat her opponent on election day. So I'll now make it \$5 to \$3.

STEAL HALF OF \$100 CARPET CINCINNATI—Thieves who entered the home of Ellis B. Gregg here stole nothing but half of the \$100 dining room rug. They cut it in two and carted away one section. Police have no theory.



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Milk with the water taken out—milk with the goodness, the freshness, the richness left in—is Klim.

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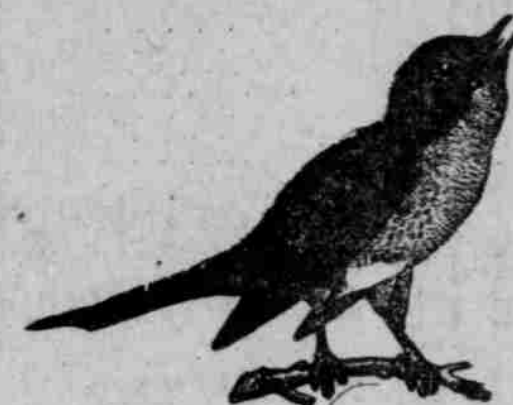
beside your other staples. Droughts and rainy seasons, summer heat and Jack Frost—have no effect on Klim. It is always the same—any season, in any climate.

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Porage Pot



"I would sell my home before I would give up my Blue Bird"

What a wonderful tribute to a mere Electric Washer

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Once you have experienced the comfort which accompanies the ownership of Blue Bird—with its many benefits—you too would refuse to give it up at any price.

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